

COFFEEHOUSE GAL IS DALLAS BORN MARY "JO" TYLER WHO NOW RESIDES IN NORTH HOLLYWOOD. SHE CAN BE SEEN AT COFFEE CONCERT ALMOST ANY EVENING.

WHAT'S

HERE?

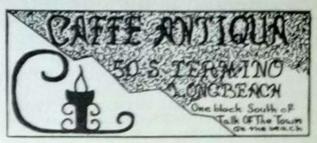
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Editorial Staff: Managing Editor—Toby A. Reiss, Photo Editor and Staff Photographer — Douglas F. Mitchel, Hand Lettering by Paule Sokoloff, New York Correspondent — Marc Schleifer.

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PORTRAIT OF GOAN



Photo by Harry Craig

Alan Francis, native Californian, has been exhibiting his work at the Vigeveno Gallery and is now showing his most recent paintings at "Books" which is at 719 S. Alvarado.

DESIGN by Joseph Young

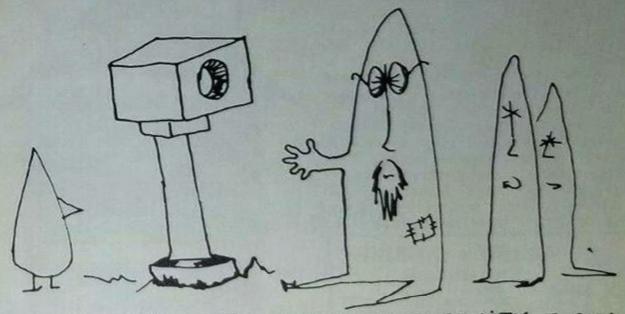
The is a strange phenomenon that while most of the arts have revolted against the arid mechanistic trends of our age, architecture..., and what is left of civic design... have in a large measure surrendered to them. Thus, the architect hus resorted to a sort of geometric in a large measure surrendered to them. Thus, the architect hus resorted to a sort of geometric nudism by making the obvious more obvious. By a process of self effacement, the architect nudism by making the obvious more obvious, by a process of self effacement, the architect has handed over his place in the art of building to the engineer, who in his endeavor to extract has handed over his place in the art of building to the engineer, who in his endeavor to extract from geometry some kind of esthetic principles, has succeeded only in producing overwhelming monotony. — from 'Civic Art' by Carol Arnovici, May 1952, Magaine of Act.

CALIFORNIA/CONFORMITY/ CULTURE

The reintegration of the arts within society is a subject that has been widely discussed, generally misunderstood and seldom attempted. Most artists avoid the subject. This taboo, this inarticulate evasion is used by most artists to hide a scar; to conceal the protective tissue covering the precise time when the artist was dismembered from society. Most artists are all too painfully aware of their particular rejection by society, but few see their particular dismemberment as a tragic thousand year process; a slow starting but swiftly accumulating Industrial Revolution that inexorcably converted the artist, generation by generation, from the symbolic "Mind" of Mankind into society's most wretchedly glamorous scapegoat (Lust For Life by Irving Stone).

The more factual historians of art point out that a synthesis of the arts is the unsolved problem of our culture. The ignorant still blame the arA few brave ones point out the artist cannot be expected to single-handedly integrate that which doesn't want to be integrated or that which may be disintegrating. Still others explain the artist as being on the periphery of society by pointing to the diversity of our society and saying, as long as decentralization is a goal, integration will progress slowly. The great majority of people have little knowledge of the past and so do not recognize any problem exists. Certainly it will be many years before the arts will have their "Little Rock" case before the conscience of the general public. In the meantime, whatever opinions are being advanced the very ideas of themselves recognize the problem, often the first step toward a solution. If what has been stirring on the West Coast since the end of the war is a portend of the future, then we are no longer in the academic stage of discussion. It is increasingly obvious architects in this area are no longer

(Continued on page 19)



SINCE I BELIEVE THAT FORM TRANSCENDS REALITY, I CALL

Muses Inspire

By Flavio Cabral

I am going to speak today on something difficult to convey in words. Difficult because it deals with judgment and taste.

It is that thing in a picture which makes it ascend into the realm of greatness.

A work of art can never be creater than the Creator. First and foremost we must see through the painting, the large all-embracing mind that disdains super-bracing mind that is sincere and in love with his work. A painting love with his work. A painting thus created, is not just a picture, it is a living breathing world the it is a living breathing world made the frame of the canvas, and the surface is other, and all the surface is treated with loving care.

Organization is probably the prime factor in the great work. A sense of rightness that goes beyond mere rules of composition. It should be felt that the slightest changing of any part of the picture would destroy the unity. As the universe is complete, so should the work of art plete, so should leave nothing de-

Personality is also important. There are two distinct types, but more often they are combined in varying degrees. There is the painting with the strong stamp of the artists' personality. This is done by the introspective person, the one that lives a little apart, in his own world. The other type catches the personality of

GALLERY . WORKSHOP

JAY LOUTHIAN

JEWELRY DESIGN FINE GEMSTONES ANCIENT & MODERN ART

7811 1/2 Melrose Ave., Near Fairfax Los Angeles 46 . WE 4-3616 the thing painted. Thus, his paint, ing lives as the expression of the thing rather than himself. It is seldom the artist falls exclusively into one or the other category. It is important that this personality, or which I have sometimes called inner-being is definitely and strongly expressed.

Color should never be obstrusive. It should either be just enough to give correct truthfulness, or it should be individual and of such nature as to transport one into the artists' world

The judgment of the merit of these things are difficult, for the decision rests with taste, and taste is dependent upon time place and knowledge, and knowledge is dependent upon inherent ability which has been developed.

Keep this in mind. I have spoken of organization, of personality and of color, but all of these things can be obvious and cheap. It is the mature expression of the above that makes the painting great.

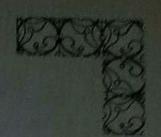




UNTITLED

Twenty-seven year old Stuart Z. Perkoff, one of California's talented young writer-poets, wields his brush as well as his pen. Mr. Perkoff is currently exhibiting at the Alger Gallery.





The

MENS ANSWER

To The

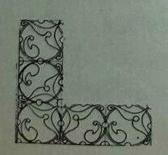
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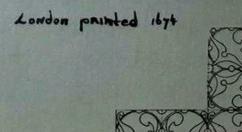
Against

COFFEE

Vindicaling

Their own Performances, and the virtues of their Liquor, grow the undeserved aspersions lately cast upon them, in their scandalous pamphlet

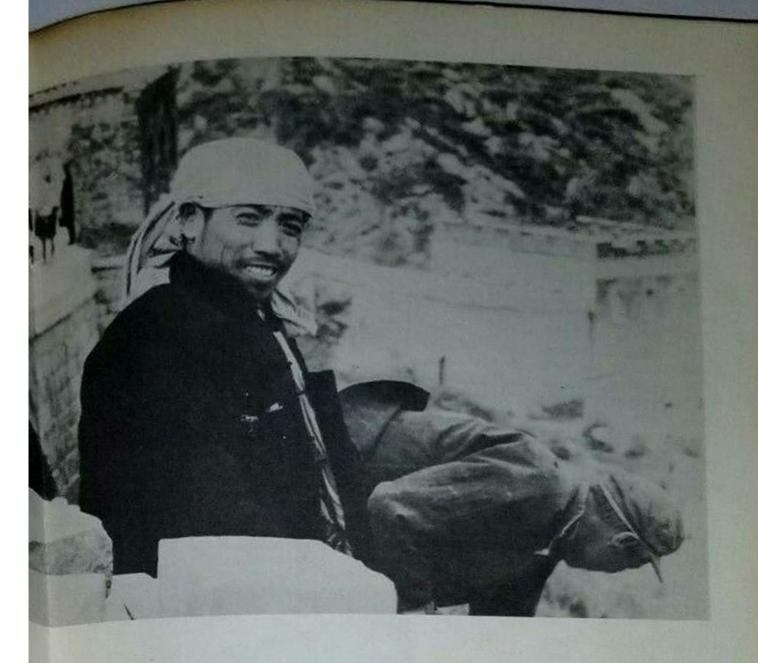




The "Great Wall Of China" gets its face lifted. The wall, originally built to protect those inside from thieves gets the 20th Century "brick" treatment by these Chinese laborers.



Robert Cohen, writer, lecturer, photographer and adventurer, was one of the 42 Americans who made the "Forbidden Journey" into Communist China in the Fall of 1957.



FORBIDDEN JOURNEY

In the summer of 1957, 42 Americans, against the wishes of the U. S. State Department embarked upon a tour of Communist China extended to them by the Chinese Youth Federation. All expenses for the six-week tour of the major cities of China were paid by the Federation.

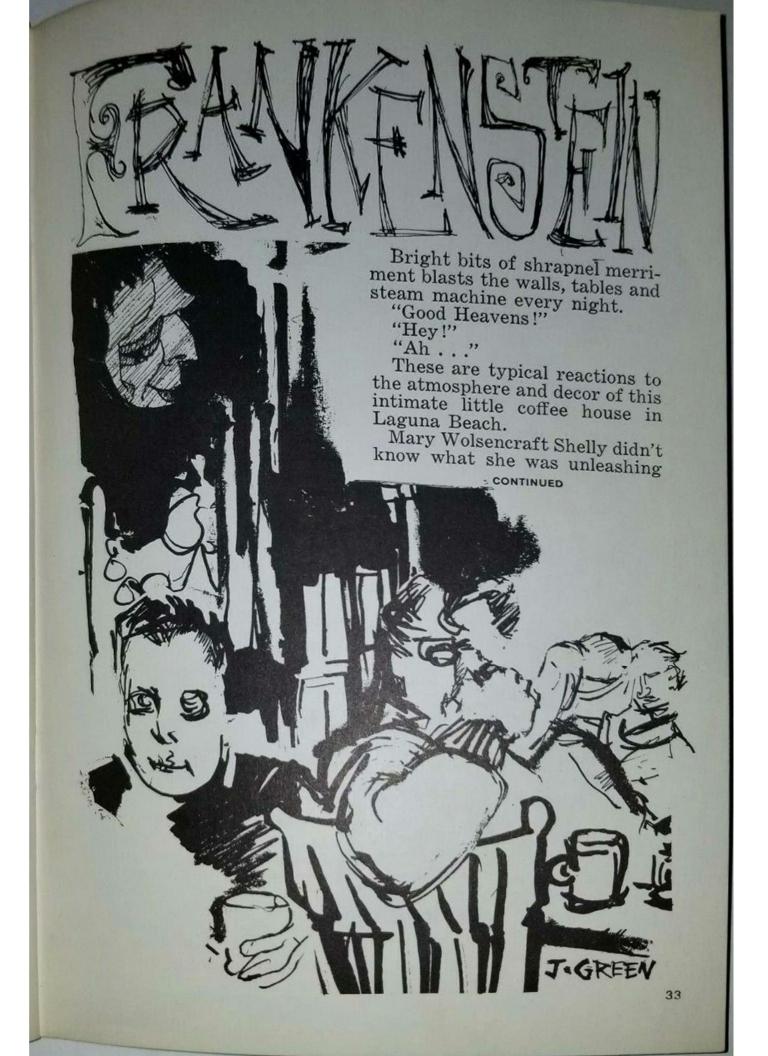
One of these Americans is 28 year old Robert Cohen of Holly-wood, an established television and motion picture writer, director and photographer. Cohen was

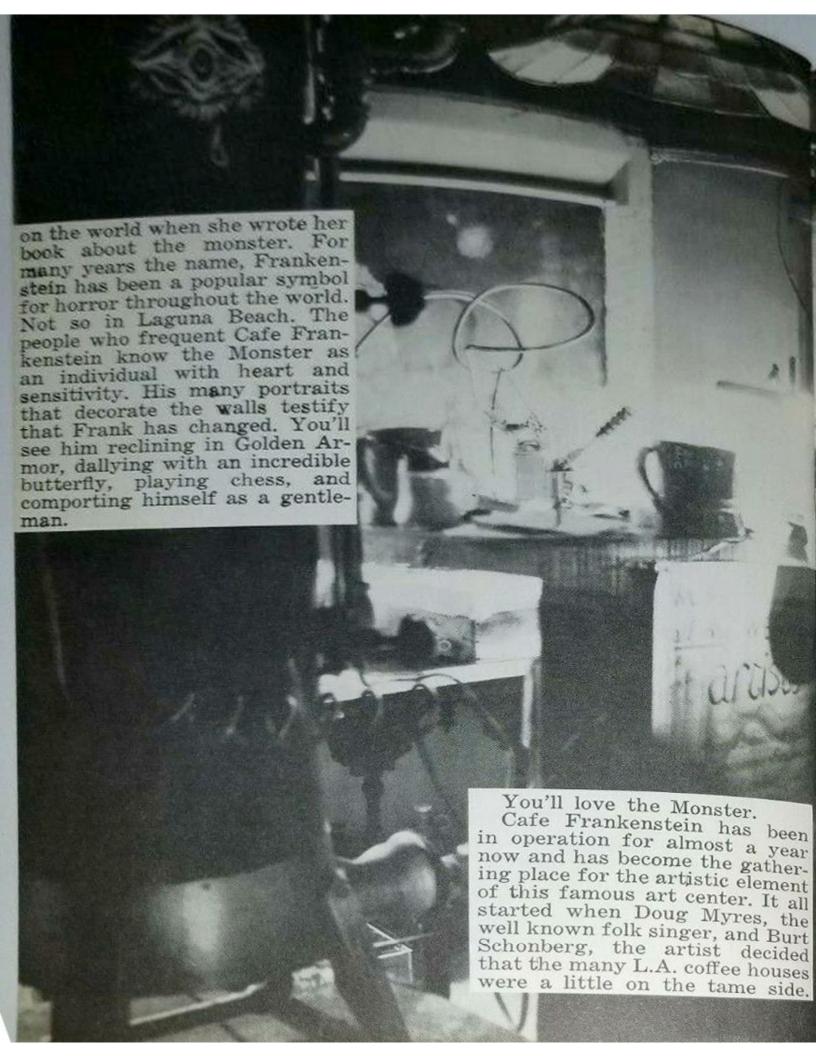
graduated from UCLA and was at work on his Doctorate in Social Psychology at Sorbonne in 1957.

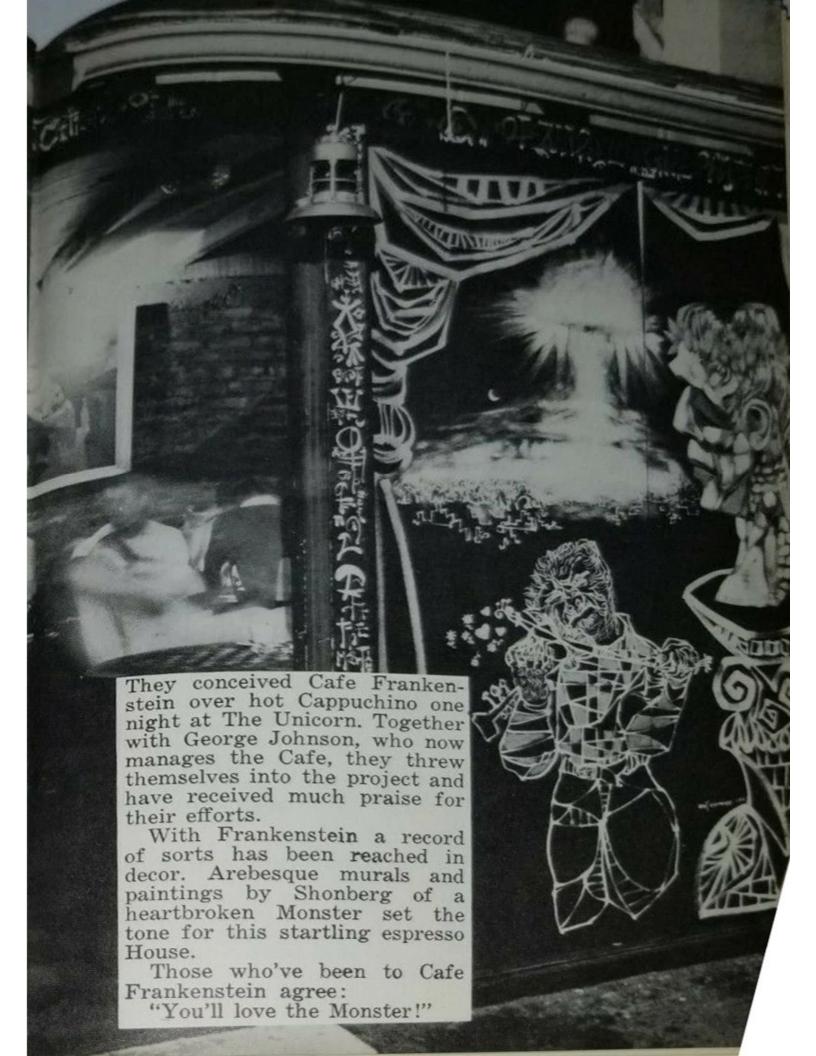
He had read about the Moscow Youth Festival and tried to join the French youths, only to be told that he had to be a French subject. He then took the overland route to London and joined the British delegation. Although

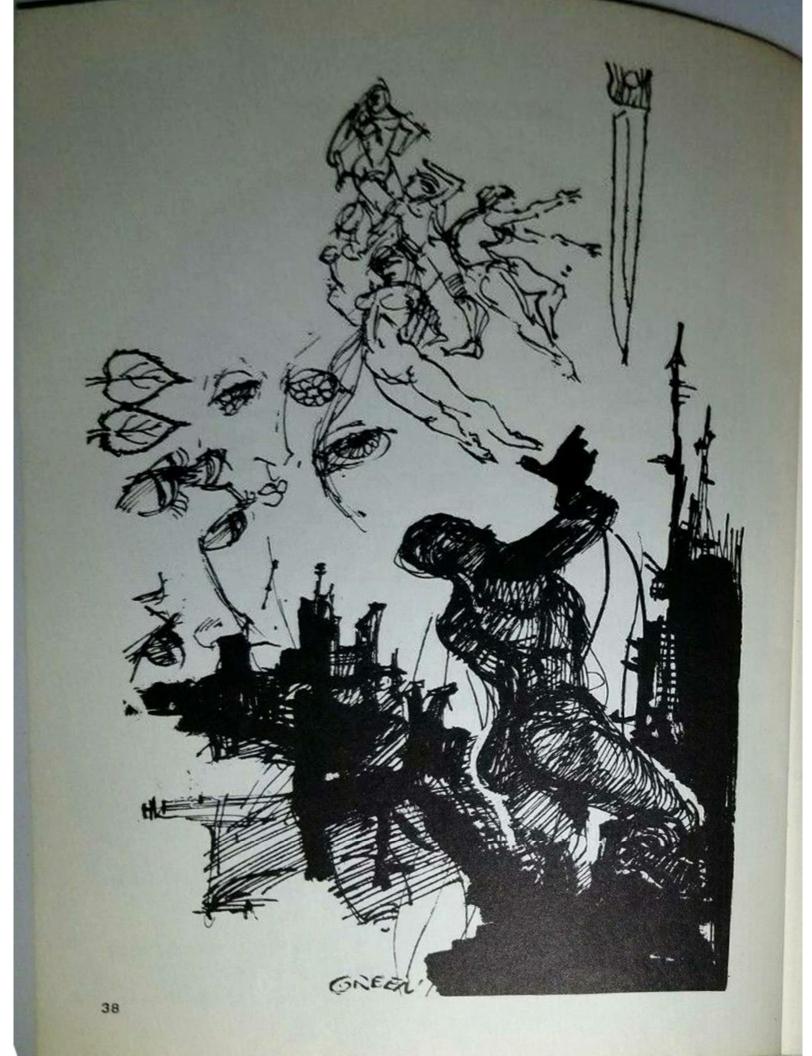
Although there were 180 Americans at the Festival, they

CONTINUED









DREAM SEQUENCE

blue circles drawn upon the floor toothless crones driveling saliva from always open months

driveling foul openmouthed saliva that sputters in the flameless fire that licks at their feet like a sea of warrior ants

toothless and openmouthed their song rushes at me and painless and spectorised as i am the sound of their song thuds into my skull as if an ancient chinese had mixed it with his water insulation was not to be mine i could only suffer nothing else

II.

and suddenly a mountain meadow sunlit and dewwet as green as last years grave yard a tangible rendition of my dreams brighteyed and brave wearing the medals of its valor the scars of its betrayal

reserve desk.

"Did he tell you about ultimate assimilation?" he asked quickly. He Did he tell you about until pushed back his chair with one hand and shook the book at me with the "I think so," I said, my confusion now getting out of all normal pro-

portion, blushing and dropping my sketchbook.

Accidentally I looked at the reserve desk when I bent down to close Accidentally I looked at the look, and the blonde with the down to close my drawing back inside the sketchbook, and the blonde with the pony tail my drawing back inside the sketchied of the someone's slip in the pony tail was now behind the desk just turning to put someone's slip in the pony tail was dancing as she moved like a small, bright snake. I may be was now behind the desk just turning to put some of stip in the file, tall pony tail was dancing as she moved like a small, bright snake. I may have pony tail with reality for a second or two; none of that "I just blad pony tail was dancing as site inc. I may have lost contact with reality for a second or two; none of that "I just blacked lost contact with reality for a second or two; none of that "I just blacked lost contact with reality for a second or two; none of that "I just blacked lost contact with reality for a second or two; none of that "I just blacked lost contact with reality for a second or two; none of that "I just blacked lost contact with reality for a second or two; none of that "I just blacked lost contact with reality for a second or two; none of that "I just blacked lost contact with reality for a second or two; none of that "I just blacked lost contact with reality for a second or two; none of that "I just blacked lost contact with reality for a second or two; none of that "I just blacked lost contact with reality for a second or two; none of that "I just blacked lost contact with reality for a second or two; none of that "I just blacked lost contact with reality for a second or two; none of that "I just blacked lost contact with reality for a second or two; none of that "I just blacked lost contact with reality for a second or two; none of that "I just blacked lost contact with reality for a second or two; none of that "I just blacked lost contact with reality for a second or two in the lost contact with reality for a second or two in the lost contact with reality for a second or two in the lost contact with reality for a second or two in the lost contact with reality for a second or two in the lost contact with reality for a second or two in the lost contact with reality for a second or two in the lost contact with reality for a second or two in the lost contact with reality for a second or two in the lost contact with reality for a second or two in the lost contact with reality for a second or two in the lost contact with reality for a second or two in the lost contact with reality for a second or two in the lost contact with reality for a second or two in the lost contact with reality for a second or lost contact with reality for a second of momentary shift occurred as if an engulf. out" sort of thing, but a kind of the sort of thing, but a kind of the sort of thing, but a kind of the sort of thing on top of me in some silent, ing fatness had descended and was rolling on top of me in some silent, ing fatness tussle, like some old nightmare of mine or those things soft, formless tussle, like some old nightmare of mine or those silent, soft, formless tussle, like some old nightmare of mine or those things you look at them quickly, alone at night soft, formless tussie, like schen you look at them quickly, alone at night.

You're in for a big surprise.

If you go down to the woods today

You better go in disguise . . .

"We must begin assimilation of the American Negro the same way we have assimilated the Indian," someone shouted at me.

"What?" I said, gripping my notebook and putting my hand on the

chair arm to keep my balance.

"We must consider the American Negro ultimately assimilable as we

do the Indian," he said, his face still getting redder.

I immediately got to my feet without looking at him and walked quickly out of the library, dodging squads of students and fell into a column on the way to the parking lot. Tearing out the beginning of the letter and the drawing in my sketchbook, I pressed them into a ball and deposited them in a trash barrel like a well-loved lesson I knew by heart and no longer needed. John immediately spoke to me as I slid into the car, but I didn't answer. On the highway toward the beach we picked up speed. When the wheel turned sharply and the car began careening in a curve, I tried not to think of getting sick. John reached over to retrieve the wheel but I told him to sit still and he pulled back his hand.

> the Insumiac

> > EUROPEAN COFFEE HOUSE

53 Pier Avenue Hermosa Beach FR 49388

SPORTS CARS ON PARADE

For the ultimate in economy, the British have come up with the Nobel 200, have four, maximum speed 63 MPH — seats four, gallon — priced at \$998 or 85 miles per gallon — priced at \$998 or 85 miles per gallon — the Mobilized \$895 in a do-it-yourself kit. Mobilized \$895 in a hours. in 100 man hours.





Britain extends herself with this sleek AC Aceca hardtop coupe two-seater. Maximum speed 106 MPH - priced at about \$8000.

Daimler, best noted for the limousines they build for the royal family of England, introduces the two-seater Daimler Dart. Maximum speed 123 MPH, 30 miles per gallon - priced at about \$3800 (to be made available 1960).



Parkhouse

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